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POETRY.

The New Year.

"I am the little New Year, ho! ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow;
Shaking my bells with a merry din;
So open your doors and let me in."

"Blessing I bring to each and all,
Big folk and little folk, short and tall;
Each one from me a treasure may win,
So open your doors and let me in."

"Some shall have silver, and some shall
have gold;
Some shall have new clothes, and some
shall have old;
Some shall have brass, and some shall have
tin;
So open your doors and let me in."

"Some shall have water, and some shall
have milk;
Some shall have satin, and some shall have
silk;
But each one from me a blessing may win,
So open your doors and let me in."
—YOUTH COMPANION.

STORY TELLER.

A HOLIDAY OFFERING.

I.

The broad inclosure in Aberdeen whose massive gates bore the inscription "The Williams Steel Works" contained a curious and yet not unpleasant combination of the past and the present. In the rear stretched the furnaces, the foundries, the engine houses, and the warerooms, begirt by masses of ore and slag and veiled by viscid smoke and cloudy steam—the exemplification of progress. In the fore rose the vine-traced gray walls of the mansion, with its antique dormer windows, its eels, and its extensions, a conglomeration rather than a type, and yet the exemplification of comfort. A covered walk connected the works with the one-storied addition to the west of the parlor, and upon its door was printed "Reuben Williams, Private Office." Thus the proprietor could go from home to business and return without exceeding the bounds within which he reigned monarch of all he surveyed. So it had been in the distant past, when the gates had borne another name, and another form had strode to and fro with a master's air; and so he vowed it should remain, for wealth, especially new wealth, is naturally conservative.

It was one bleak November afternoon that Bessie was singing at the old-fashioned piano within the old-fashioned parlor of this old-fashioned house of her uncle's—singing an old fashioned song of love and cheer with an ardor and delight that, alas! are also becoming old-fashioned.

Of course her environments spoke of the olden time, for they accentuated Reuben Williams's pride; they recalled to him that notable triumph of his early manhood which had given to him the home and the adjoining foundry of his employer; they stimulated his self-importance, so he would suffer no change.

Without, the snow drifted and the storm beat; but within, the great logs sputtered cheerily, and the holly and the evergreen in old-fashioned festoons foretold the holiday festivities.

"Old Year, begone! thy strength is spent,
With weight of woe thy back is bent,
Grief, loss, and wreck have been thy lot,
Begone, forgetting and forgot!
Come, New Year, come, with generous hand,
And shower blessings o'er the land!
Come, New Year, blithe with hope and glee,
And bring my true love home to me!"

she sang, and as she did a mellow tenor voice accompanied her. A young man had stepped from the hallway and stood by her side, looking down upon her with a defiant tenderness in his deep-brown eyes that brooked no concealment.

"Is it you, John?" she cried pleasantly. "You are like Orpheus; you announce yourself with music."

"The new year may shower blessings upon me," he said gravely. "What! do you expect to forge the lever that will turn the world within a month's time?"

"What don't I expect? New York may prove a Bethlehem for me; out of it may come my material salvation. There is a possibility before me so dazzling that I fear to face it; and yet even now it may be a probability, a glorious certainty, that will bring me honor and riches, but above all will enable me to say what I never could say before. Bessie, when that day comes, may I finish?"

"At this critical moment, while she strove to conceal her embarrassment

by touching with idle fingers the keys, and while that broad chest was approaching nearer and nearer to her graceful head, unconsciously drawn by the attraction of love, the door leading into Reuben Williams's private office opened, and a pale, set face, intensified by small, black, snapping, furtive eyes, appeared.

It was the face of Thomas Williams, the founder's only son and heir—in other words, the founder's idol.

"John," he said in tones of excitement, "come here at once! It's business."

At these latter words John Raven turned promptly toward him.

"You may finish New Year's Day, John," cried Bessie mischievously. "I will," he returned as he closed the door.

II.

"What is it, Tom?" said John sharply when they were alone within the office. "Business from you is a rarity."

"It's this," replied Thomas, with ashen face and lurking eyes. "The bank messenger's just presented it, and as I said that we'd send a check for it, of course he left it." He handed a paper to John.

"What! A promissory note for a thousand dollars, signed Reuben Williams, and due to-day? Man, you must be daft. This house never made a note since it was established. Your father would die first. It's a forgery. 'It must be paid all the same,' persisted Thomas, feebly.

"Thomas Williams!" cried John, placing his hand upon the young man's shoulder, and holding his shifty gaze with his firm gray eye, "I understand against my will. This is your damnable handiwork. I've warned you again and again what the end would be, and now the end has come. You are a forger."

"Hush, you fool, for God's sake! Father might hear you. He is somewhere about."

"What if he should? He will have to know it."

"You wouldn't betray me, would you? Me, your old friend?"

"I'll betray no one; I will do my duty. A piece of forged paper has been presented here. I must show it to my employer; it is for him to investigate."

"Yes; and how long will it take him, in his headlong rage, to uproot the whole truth? John, you must not! It is all right; everything will some day be mine. He is old, he is feeble; apoplexy is sure to whirl him away before long. Hide this in some way—you can so easily. He'll never suspect; you know how stupid he is. He doesn't know the debit side of the ledger from the credit. The only clever thing about him is his reliance upon your ability. Do this for me, your old friend! You will save my very life; and when I can, I'll repay you tenfold: I vow to God I will!"

"I cannot, and I would not if I could."

"But he will disown, he will disinherit me; he will drive me penniless into the street."

"You should have thought of this before."

"But think of Bessie. It will break her heart, just at this time too, when we are so happy, and father is so pleased with our engagement."

John started back, his face growing even more livid than that of his craven companion.

"Your engagement!" he shouted. "Bessie and you engaged? Impossible!"

"Why, yes. Didn't you know it? Father has had his heart set on it for years. He promised me an equal share in the business if I would marry her and settle down. So last night I plucked up courage. How easy it is, after all! A nod and a wink and a statement of cash, and how happy she is! It's an assured position and plenty of rhino that will catch the girls every time. Why, just hear her sing?"

From the old-fashioned parlor the old-fashioned refrain was wafted in those sweet, old-fashioned tones:

"Come, New Year, come with generous hand,
And shower blessing o'er the land!
Come, New Year, blithe with hope and glee,
And bring my true love home to me!"

John groaned; he sank into a chair; he rested his head upon his hands.

"It can't be true," he protested. She never liked nor respected you. I will not believe it." And yet, even as he spoke, he remembered how grateful was Bessie for her uncle's care, and how potent an advocate it

gratitude.

"Don't be an idiot! See, here is her ring, her mother's betrothal ring. She gave it to me last night. See the curious Greek inscription upraised upon it, AEI. That means 'Forever'—forever mine; don't you see? Do you think she would part with it except to her affianced husband?"

John took the ring and examined it as if he had never seen it before—that dear little ring that had ever seemed a very part of Bessie. He mechanically put it on and off his finger.

"No," he answered despairingly. "I know she would not; but I can't understand it. Bessie engaged to you! It's a sacrifice; it's a sacrifice!"

"Very likely. I suppose no one could be attractive to her ladyship or worthy of her except your immaculate self. But you see I've got the seeds, and they win every time. I should think, if you care so much for her, you would save her beloved from disgrace."

John leaped to his feet. "Keep quiet, you hound, or I'll throttle you! Come, I will do as you say. She shall not blush for shame on the first day of her betrothal. I'll take up the note. I have just about the amount, though it's all I have in the world. But, remember, if you do not try in the future to deserve your good fortune I will save her from such a wretched fate."

"Otherwise you won't betray me?" asked Thomas eagerly. "You may trust me. There's my hand. No, I'll not shake hands with you, but I promise. Give me the note. I must hurry; it is well-nigh two o'clock." And, distraught with grief and excitement, John hastened away.

"Go, you fool!" commented Tom, "and the devil speed you! Lucky 'tis for me that I found that ring. But where is it? Blast me if he didn't carry it away on his little finger. D—d if I care, though. He would not break his word to save his neck. Even if he did, pop wouldn't believe him after his having taken up the note. So let him keep it to remember me by."

III.

That evening old Reuben Williams sat at his dinner table puffing and fuming, as was the wont of his arrogance. Opposite to him was his niece Bessie, upon either side were his son Thomas and his confidential clerk, John Raven.

Townfolk, in speaking of Reuben Williams, would often quote the homely adage, "There's naught like the luck of a lousy calf," for even the best of them felt that there could be no wrong in envying him. In his youth he had been an ignorant, blundering workman in the Aberdeen foundry, shiftless, lazy, half-drunken. One day he stumbled and kicked up a fortune. A new process of making steel was thus revealed to him so plainly that even his crassness grasped it. He established the Williams Steel Works, which he magnanimously allowed his former employer to manage. Years of prosperity ensued, and then this superintendent grew old and sickened and died. It seemed as though the business, despite its monopoly, would speedily be led to perdition by the ignorance of the proprietor, but his luck failed him not. There was a young man employed in the office named John Raven. He intrusted him with the management as fully as he had his former employer, and the name of Reuben Williams became great in the world of iron, and Reuben plumed himself as a self-made man, boasting exceedingly. He worshipped his own image, fondly decking it with all the qualities which he did not possess.

So he sat, puffed and swollen with arrogance, but on this evening unaskedly silent. An Olympian frown darkened his brow; his food was untasted before him. At length the servants left the room. Then he cleared his throat with a heavy haw, he rapped upon the table with his knife, and then he began:

"John Raven, so you have dared to use the name of Reuben Williams—of Reuben Williams, Sir—to meet your lawless extravagances! I met the cashier of the Lookit Bank, Sir, and he told me that you took up a note for a thousand dollars made by me—by me, Sir—with money which you drew from your own account. I could scarcely believe my ears. A note signed by Reuben Williams! What would the trade say? What have you got to say for yourself?

That's what I want to know, and pretty quick, too."

"Nothing, Sir," said John, firmly. "Nothing, Sir? And you think that I will overlook such a piece of rascality! A note, by the Lord, for a thousand dollars, signed by Reuben Williams! You trust to my tender heart, do you? There's where you fool yourself. I owe a duty to society, to my class, the moneyed class. I will not deliver you over to the authorities, but go, Sir; leave my sight for once and forever!"

"O, uncle! O, John!" cried Bessie. "There is some dreadful mistake!"

"You'd better look out, Pop," broke in Tom. "The business will be cats and dogs without him."

"Shut up!" snarled his father. "Who made it and run it for years if I didn't, I'd like to know."

John approached the old man with hand outstretched.

"I go, Sir. Will you say goodbye?"

"I'll not, then. Get out! By the loving Lord, what have you got on your finger? Bessie's ring—her dear mother's betrothal ring! Give it to her this instant, you scoundrel!"

John turned toward her. "I beg pardon, Miss Williams—"

he began.

But Bessie drew away her hand. Her cheeks flamed, but she held high her head and looked him full in the eyes.

"Oh, you found it, did you?" she cried. "Well, keep it—keep it until New Year's. I believe in you, never fear!"

IV.

The next morning Thomas sat alone at his desk within the private office, idly scrawling words and half sentences upon the paper before him. Evidently his fingers were working independently of his brain; evidently, too, that organ, so prolific of sin and misery, was in a perplexed and confused condition. His little eyes were half closed by a heavy frown, and the muscles about his distended nostrils and narrow lips were convulsively twitching.

"Well, what's the use?" he muttered despairingly. "I might as well make a clean breast of it."

Even as he spoke a light touch upon his shoulder thrilled him like an electric discharge. Swinging about, he confronted his cousin, Bessie, who was gazing rather quizzically upon him. Thomas mumbled something beneath his breath which was not in the least a blessing. His complexion grew a dirty gray, its *ne plus ultra* of blushing.

"A sensible resolution, Thomas," Bessie exclaimed. "Doubtless there is great need of a thorough renovation. But what occasioned so prudent a course, if I may ask?"

Thomas hesitated, but fear swept some of the cobwebs from his brain, and set its sinister machinery at work again.

"I was thinking, cousin," he began slowly, with a wicked gleam in his ferret eyes, "that my love for you was becoming a secret beyond endurance, and that I had best confess it and learn my fate."

"Oh, no, I know you too well," she retorted. "Love with you can be but a synonym for selfishness. You were thinking of your misdeeds; there was remorse, not passion, in your tones. Come, tell me. What did you do to John?"

"Oh, it's John, is it?" sneered Thomas. "I always knew in my heart that you cared more for his little finger than you did for me. You were so blind to his faults, so lynx-eyed toward mine. I've done nothing to him; he has done himself, and pretty thoroughly, too. I congratulate you upon your love for a forger and a thief!"

"I will never love a forger and a thief, and there's an answer for you, Master Tom! Tell me, what did you want of him yesterday when you called him so hurriedly into this office?"

"I wanted to warn him," said Thomas, doggedly.

"How dare you try to deceive me? Haven't I known you from a little boy, when there was nothing safe from your fingers? Haven't I helped you again and again with my own poor savings? Don't I hear what people say of your riotous living? O Tom, Tom, there was a time after all, when we were bits of children and played together, that your heart was pure and free from guile; yes, and when you used to plan what you would do when you were a man. And all those ambitions were noble! I can't help taking an interest in you, though I'm convinced that you've

cruelly wronged your friend. Tell me all the truth! I will explain it to your father. I will intercede with him. He loves you as he loved your dear mother—he would forgive. And then John could come home, and we would all very happy together as we used to be in those dear olden days. Tell me, Tom!" And Bessie leaned forward, and soothed his head with her hand, as that dear mother might have done.

But he shook her away angrily. "Let up on such hysterical nonsense!" he exclaimed. "I've got nothing to tell except what I've told you. And let me warn you, my lady, that if you don't cease gossiping about my affairs, I will land your immaculate paragon behind the bars, and then you can mourn for the dear olden days with a vengeance."

She turned from him. As she reached the door, she drew her form to its fullest height and faced him with blazing eyes.

"Let me warn you, Sir, in return," she replied, "that I will uncover the truth of this transaction, and if I find that you have abused John Raven's love and loyalty, I will reveal it to your father even if your life depended upon my secrecy. And more—let me advise you, when next your sins overwhelm you, not to permit your fingers to idly write the name of Reuben Williams; as that paper before you testifies, there is a similarity in the signature that might be considered suspicious."

With this Parthian shot, Bessie closed the door with a slam of inexorable determination.

And Thomas rested his head upon his hands and groaned.

V.

John Raven told the truth when he said that great possibility existed for him. By dint of hard labor he had discovered a new principle in the forging of steel. He had been awaiting only the full possession of his patent rights to announce his success to his employer and to ask the hand of his niece.

He now left Aberdeen in a whirl of excitement. He had been deceived, he had been robbed, he had been abused. So be it then. He would not defend himself until he was independent. He would go, but he would return armed with wealth, the single weapon that could humble this haughty old man. As for Tom, he forgave him, for his deceit had revealed to him a glorious truth well worth the thousand dollars. As for Bessie, he kissed her little ring, for it said "Forever" to him.

He hastened to the city; he consulted with his lawyers; he argued with capitalists, and he convinced them. He worked all day; he planned and studied all night. Within ten days a company was organized to control his invention. He was manager, director, stockholder. Beyond this, he had a cosy fortune on deposit in the bank. Had he not attained the success that would win him honor and love?

But, skilled craftsman though he was, he was ignorant of the frailty of the human mechanism. Through all this incessant rush of business he had disregarded a sudden dizziness, a pain at the base of the neck, a feverish, burning sensation that again and again returned to him. He disregarded them, but the disease whose forerunners they were grimly and steadily advanced.

It was during the week before Christmas that one night he was returning to his lodging through a cross street in the upper part of the city. He was strangely weak. But no matter. His affairs were happily arranged; on the morrow he would return to Aberdeen. On the morrow! Oh, blissful time, that could not come too quickly since it bore within its gracious arms the one whom he so dearly loved!

It was snowing, thickly, steadily, drawing a white veil effectually over the meagre light of the struggling lamps. He paused for a moment and leaned against a tree box, too ill to notice footstep stealthily approaching. There was a dull, descending crash; the heavens shot forth a million stars and swept around and underneath him. He fell like a sapling before the stalwart axe of the woodsman.

"Hey, Jennie!" muttered a husky voice. "You work dis side and I'll work dat. Speedy, lad! This haint no Sunday school picnic."

Two forms bent over for an instant, rifling every pocket, and then, like shades, they glided away. And still he snowed thickly, steadily, covering

the man as if with a pall. Thus he was found, unconscious, stricken with fever, stunned by the crushing blow of the sandbag. His pockets were empty; nothing remained that might reveal his name or residence save a gold ring upon his little finger with Greek letters 'AEI' upraised upon it, and to this he clung with resistless strength when the hospital nurse thinking that an interior writing might furnish a clue, strove once and again to remove it.

VI.

In the meanwhile matters were proceeding from bad to worse in the old-fashioned house in Aberdeen. Reuben Williams had taken hold of the business as a mulish laborer might grasp a weighty beam. He found it too much for him; he dropped it. Son Thomas then assumed charge, with an eye keen to his own desperate affairs, but indifferent to all else, and so it happened that speculation and incompetency soon produced serious straits for the Williams Steel Works. The men became dissatisfied, customers grew suspicious, and commercial agencies issued confidential reports sufficient to ruin the credit of a Midas.

Bessie no longer sang the old-fashioned refrain within the old-fashioned parlor. She had formed a purpose, and she acted. Intuition had revealed the truth to her, and she resolved to prove it—any easy matter for a true woman's intensity. Shrewd inquiries gave the information to her that the note which John had paid had been made to the order of Isaac Schwartz & Son, brokers, and that Mr. Thomas Williams had negotiated it with them.

This was sufficient. With the grim determination of her sex when love is suffering, she awaited her opportunity. It came, as had the former denouement, at the dinner table.

Now, the suspicion that he did not know anything, which had lately come to Reuben Williams, made him more bearish than ever; for self-made men are never so arrogant as when they feel the necessity of hiding defects in their handiwork. So Reuben was especially aggressive and surly. He chiefly vented his spleen upon the absent John. There was no name within vituperation's dictionary that he did not call him; there was no crime with or without the decalogue of which he did not accuse him.

"The sneak!" he was saying. "I believe that he has been robbing me for years. No one but a man like me could stand the strain of such rascality."

"Uncle," exclaimed Bessie, "I won't hear you say such dreadful things of my John. I know that he is the soul of honor, and I love him. There! Let the truth be known, it's your own son you should be abusing."

"Thanks, cousin," said graceless Tom, rising in his place, more colorless than ever. "Yes, pop," he continued, "I guess the jig's up, and I'm glad of it. John's the saint, and I'm the sinner. I forged your name. There's a lot more out too. The business is all in a muddle; orders have been countermanded; the men are going to strike; there are big payments to be made on the first of the year, and nothing but wind to meet them. The devil's to pay. It's too much for me. I resign. Now kick me out!"

During this unique confession old Reuben puffed and snorted and grew crimson; then a childish sense of helplessness seized him; his arrogance fell away like a detected disguise.

"Don't go!" he cried, feebly. "You are my son, you know. God knows I wish you were a better one; but still you are my only child. Tell me what to do. I'm so bewildered."

"Get John back as soon as you can," advised his heir, resuming his seat with a sigh of relief which was half a sob.

"Yes, uncle," said Bessie, passing to his side and stroking his foolish old head, "send for John. He understands the business, the men love him, the customers trust him. In a day's time he will bring the house of Reuben Williams back to the fore again."

"But where is he?" asked the old man, with a gleam of pride in his eye. "I'll find him," she replied, "never fear. I know that he has gone to New York. I will take the afternoon train and visit Aunt Catherine. I will have him home again by the new year, and this trouble will die with the old. Tom will stay with you and be a great comfort, won't you, Tom?"

"Perhaps," said graceless Tom.

VII.

The afternoon express was flying along its path of steel as if rejoicing to have left behind the monotony of the interior and to be nearing the changeful activity of the metropolis. Within a chair in the parlor car sat Bessie Williams, gazing out upon the wintry scene, the ice-bound river, the distant mountains capped with snow. She was thinking of John, of how she would surely find him. Though he had always been reserved in speech regarding himself, she knew that for years he had been patiently endeavoring to accomplish some design; for she had often watched the light burn in his attic chamber long after midnight, and had seen his figure reflected upon the curtain, bending over the bench which he had placed there. She remembered his words, "New York may prove a Bethlehem for me; out of it may come my material salvation," and so she was as helpful of purpose as she was constant of heart. The burring roll of the wheels seemed to hum that old-fashioned refrain:

"Come, New Year, come, with generous hand,
And shower blessings o'er the land!
Come, New Year, blithe with hope and glee,
And bring my true love back to me!"

What had she said to him? "You may finish New Year's Day." Yes, and he had said, "I will," and he never broke his word. So the new year surely reserved his return as its most precious gift to her.

A newsboy passed through the aisle, laden with magazines. He placed one upon her lap. She glanced it over, and, finding in article of interest, she purchased it; then, with a petty carefulness, which was her trait, she took a pencil from her watch guard and wrote her name and city address upon the fly leaf, thus:

"BESSIE WILLIAMS,
"105, East Monmouth Street."

Then she concentrated her ranging thoughts upon reading. And the train rushed and roared, and the river widened its icy sketch, bleak heights flecked here and there by the snow that the gale had not snatched away, shot up their opposing frowns. There was a turn. The river disappeared; there were darkness and a rumble of discontent; the pent smoke and steam shone dimly through the windows fantastically shaping into pursuing ghosts. Then light again, and the train slackened, and halted within the vast station.

As Bessie hastened down the long stone walk, she noticed a box in the angle of the building marked with this inscription:

"HOLIDAY OFFERINGS.
"Place your papers and magazines within for the use of the sick in the hospitals."

She hesitated a moment at the thought of the article yet unfinished, then she pushed her magazine through the opening, and joined her aunt who awaited her.

VIII.

It was New Year's Eve. Cold and storm and snow without; warmth and light and joviality within many a home. The old year was dying, dying the death of despair, but no mourners eased his passing with their tears. Evil and long had been his days, therefore let the old king die. Long live the new king of hope, of prosperity, of good-will-to-men! The wind shrieked but the wayfarer heeded it not, for amidst its lull he could hear the bursts of childish laughter. Let it rage and struggle in vain, he would still press forward, contented in the thought of the happy expectant faces watching for the mysterious bundles which he sheltered so assiduously beneath his overcoat.

Light and warmth indeed within the hospitable walls but no joviality or laughter. Silence broken only by the delicious mutterings of a fever-stricken patient and whispers of the two physicians who sat besides him.

"Bessie, Bessie Williams!" cried the sufferer, "come to me! I seek you, I cannot find you. The darkness gathers about me, the stars no longer shine. Hark, how the storm beats and the snow drifts! Bessie, Bessie Williams, come to me!"

"A mysterious case, a desperate case," said the elder physician. "And yet his vitality is strong. I do believe that if we could find Bessie Williams, whosoever she may be, her face would revive his intelligence and he would recover; yes, and speedily too. You have no clue to his family or friends?"

"None," the other replied. "He

(Concluded on fourth page.)

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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OUR TWENTIETH VOLUME.

This number inaugurates the twentieth year of usefulness of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. As a matter of fact this paper is over fifty years old. It first came into existence in the year 1839, when it was published in connection with the Canajoharie (N. Y.) *Radix*, by the late Levi S. Backus. That would be two years beyond half a century. After Mr. Backus died, the publishers of the *Radix* neglected the deaf-mute feature of the paper, although the substitution of the heading "The Deaf-Mutes' Journal," was continued and the paper sent to deaf-mutes. Without deaf-mute news it was of little interest to them, and in 1872, Mr. Henry C. Rider secured it and began its publication in connection with the Mexico (N. Y.) *Independent*. Beginning with a single column of news concerning the deaf, it increased until a whole page was occupied, and finally started out as a separate paper. Mr. Rider had as associate editor Mr. Fort Lewis Selinney, of the Rome, N. Y., Institution, and the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle as foreign editor. Its usefulness and influence gradually increased. In 1879 it came under the present editor's management and control, and its progress has been both rapid and steady. What it is to-day our readers can judge. Its twenty-eight columns each week replete with matter affecting the welfare of the deaf, ought to commend it to the support of every deaf-mute in the country. During the current year we will endeavor to make it still better than in the past. We thank all who have given us the moral support and the substantial assistance of their pens, and hope and believe they will continue to be with us in the endeavor to elevate and improve the condition of our class. To correspondents, subscribers and readers, one and all, we wish "A Happy New Year."

We commend to the consideration and judgment of every reader the subjoined resolutions, confidently expecting their unqualified endorsement thereof:

RESOLVED:—

That every deaf-mute who subscribes for the JOURNAL during 1891, shall get his money's worth three times over.

That subscribers who don't pay promptly will be promptly deprived of their paper.

That the true interests of all the deaf will receive continued and energetic support.

That the JOURNAL is printed for the benefit of all the deaf, and for their benefit it will continue to labor.

That the advocates of pure-oralism shall be accorded equal privileges and equal courtesy with the champions of the Combined System.

That individual dissensions shall be discouraged, and personalities calculated to injure even the humblest deaf-mute shall not be tolerated.

That our educational institutions constitute the foundation of deaf-mute progress and prosperity, and should be upheld in their noble work.

That ignorance is the great drawback to success in life, and no deaf-mute should leave school before his term has expired or before he is regularly graduated.

That it is the duty of all deaf-mutes to report to the superintendents or principals of institutions every instance they may discover in which a deaf-mute is growing up without education.

That we will not believe in the intermarriage theory until it has been convincingly demonstrated by facts and figures.

That the deaf should hold in high respect and esteem those hearing friends who labor with heart and pen and brain to improve the present condition and enhance the future prospects of the deaf.

That the helpful tendency of literary societies of the deaf can not be overestimated, and every large city should organize and support one.

That in cities where more than one club or society exists, it would be to their mutual interest to squelch all feelings of rivalry and antagonism and fraternize with each other in a broad and intelligent spirit.

That State associations of the deaf are of great importance, and when properly managed can exercise a powerful influence upon the welfare of the deaf of the States wherein they exist.

That these who stay at home when conventions are held, and afterwards affect to sneer at and criticize the results of the proceedings, are in the first place guilty of a gross and selfish neglect of duty, and in the second place, not knowing the true circumstances and motives, are incapable of intelligently criticising them.

That we will keep the JOURNAL in its present position as the best, the brightest, the most impartial and influential, and the most widely and numerously circulated deaf-mute paper in the world.

We have received a photograph of the monument erected by the deaf-mutes of Ontario to the memory of the late Samuel T. Greene. The monument is of granite, and from the statement of Mr. Mathison, the treasurer of the fund, we find that the cost was \$330. The inscription reads:

"For so He giveth His beloved sleep."
In Memory of
SAMUEL THOMAS GREENE, B.A.,
DIED FEB. 17TH, 1890,
Aged 45 years, 8 mos., 6 days.
Erected by his Mute and hearing friends.

The deaf-mutes of Canada are to be congratulated upon the speedy consummation of their project to testify their love and appreciation of the services of one who, though deaf, did so much for the education and general enlightenment of the deaf-mutes of the Province of Ontario. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

ST. LOUIS.

That event which nearly every one here wishes for, but which seldom comes—a grand and glorious snow-storm on Christmas eve—came as a surprise to one and all, including our weather prophet who had predicted a green Christmas. About six inches of snow fell, and Santa Claus, instead of leaving his sleigh and reindeer farther north as was his wont, continued his journey down this way with them.

The teachers in the Day School have almost two weeks' vacation this year. Mr. Cloud spent part of his vacation at Jacksonville with Mr. Hasenstab and other friends.

Miss Roper left this city the evening before Christmas and spent the greater part of the holidays at her home in Alton.

Mr. Louis Jacoby took his first vacation since the Fourth of July, and spent Christmas in Decatur and vicinity.

Miss Kavanaugh has returned to this city after several months' sojourn in Kansas City and other western towns.

Rev. Dr. Stimson, of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, addressed quite a large gathering of mutes on the 21st. Mr. Philip Read, son of Mr. Read of the *Advance*, acted as interpreter. We expect to have an address from Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Glasgow Avenue Presbyterian Church, on the 4th of January.

The Sunday School which was opened not long ago in Christ's Cathedral Chapel is increasing in numbers, and the interest shown is encouraging.

The Public Opinion Class met again on the 20th. The attendance was unusually large, especially on the part of the ladies. The interest manifested was greater than that of any previous meeting. The subjects discussed were, President Harrison's Second Annual Message, The Farmers' Alliance, Cheap Postage, Restriction of Immigration, The Single Tax Law, and Woman's Progress.

Madame Ramor is abroad again, and this time tells us that we are to have two weddings in the near future. Of course, the names are to be kept secret till the knots are tied, and then there will be exactly two dozen married couples (mutes) in the city.

We were surprised, although we had been expecting it these seven years, to hear that Mr. C. Codman and Miss E. Theunis, of Chicago, were married. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Codman unlimited and unstinted happiness.

S. BLAND.

INTRODUCTION OF THE ARTICULATION SYSTEM OR THE DEAF IN AMERICA.

(From Science, December 19.)

We are gathered to-day to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the opening of the Horace Mann School and the dedication of this building to its use. The many friends that surround us, the band of experienced teachers, the large number of pupils, this new and beautiful building, mark it as the day of our prosperity.

It seems fitting on this occasion to spend a few moments in recounting the causes that led to the establishment of this school, in showing what it has accomplished for the education of the deaf at home and abroad, and in recalling the memory of him through whose instrumentality it was founded.

This was the first public day-school ever opened to deaf children. Before this, they had been gathered into institutions apart from friends, isolated from the world around them, a distinct and separate community. This plan was thought necessary to their education. Our experiment, carried on for twenty-one years, has proved by its continued and growing success, that to the deaf as well as to others all the advantages of school education can be extended without the severance of home and family ties. As the direct offspring of this the first day-school, similar schools have grown up in other States, and its influence is felt through the length and breadth of our land.

Have we not reason to be glad of the past, and take courage for the future? But this school represents not merely the opening of the first day-school, but, with the Clarke Institution, the introduction and development of a system of education for the deaf until then unknown in this country. Before that time the education of the deaf had been carried on by the sign-language. That this system had accomplished great and good results we gratefully acknowledge; but in our midst was growing up a distinct race, using a language of their own, unknown to their friends, without literature, and, though perhaps often beautiful and expressive, still vague and indefinite.

Perhaps but few who rejoice with us to-day can go back in memory to the time when, in doubt and anxiety, but with courage and hope, our little school was opened, and still further back to the introduction into this country of the oral system of deaf-mute education which this school has helped to develop.

Let us briefly review the history of deaf-mute education in this country from its commencement; and, if my narrative becomes somewhat personal, may I be excused. All great movements start from a small center. Our broadest charities have grown from some individual human need. My own interest in the education of the deaf, and my earnest efforts to introduce what I believed a better method of instruction than the one then in use, sprang first from my anxiety for my little deaf child.

Early in the present century the parents and friends of a little deaf girl in Hartford, Conn., sought for her some means of education. There were no schools for the deaf in this country, and the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet was sent abroad to visit the various institutions in France and Germany, and study the methods of instruction. He brought back the French system of the Abbe de l'Épée. On inquiry, a number of deaf children were found, and the American Asylum at Hartford was incorporated. An appropriation was obtained from Congress and from each State from which pupils were sent. Other schools were opened in different States from time to time, and in all the sign language was used.

Vague reports were occasionally brought to this country of another system, used in Germany, where the deaf were taught to speak and read from the lips. Nothing definite was known in regard to this system until 1843. In that year Mr. Horace Mann, then secretary of the Board of Education from Massachusetts, and Dr. Howe, went to Europe to study the various systems of education. They visited several schools for the deaf in Germany, and were surprised to find deaf children taught to speak and read from the lips. On their return, Mr. Mann published a report, and strongly advocated the adoption of the German oral system of instruction in this country.

His report excited such general interest, that the American Asylum and the New York Institution sent gentlemen abroad to investigate the subject. They reported that the sign-language was used in France, Italy, and Great Britain, and the oral system in Germany only; "that in the case of the great majority, instruction in mechanical articulation was attended by too little benefit to compensate for the serious efforts made in attempting it," and therefore no material change should be made in the American schools. A teacher of articulation was employed for a short time at the American Asylum; but the results were not satisfactory, and the system was abandoned. Earnest and devoted teachers labored faithfully to develop the mind and train the faculties through the medium of the sign-language. Much was accomplished, many a darkened mind was brightened, many lives enriched, many a saddened heart made glad; but the child was a foreigner in its own land, comprehending and using a language known only to the institution. It was taught to read and write the English language, but it remained always an unfamiliar tongue. The medium of

instruction met the natural expression of thoughts and feelings.

In 1860 my little girl lost her hearing through a fearful illness. She was a bright, intelligent child of four years, but her language was lisping and imperfect. When convinced of her deafness, our great anxiety was to retain her language, and to know how we might carry on her education. We asked advice of one of the oldest teachers of the deaf. "You can do nothing," was the answer. "When she is ten years old, send her to the Institution, where she will be taught the sign-language."

"But she still speaks. Can we not retain her language?"
"She will lose it in three months, and become dumb as well as deaf. You cannot retain it."

It was in this time of our discouragement that we heard of the visit of Mr. Horace Mann and Dr. Howe to the schools of Germany, and their report in favor of the oral system. We turned to Dr. Howe for help. He told us that even children born deaf could be taught to speak, and encouraged us to talk to our little girl, and to teach her to recognize the spoken words of our lips. He warned us not to use not to allow any signs, and never to understand them. Cheered by his encouragement, but discouraged by all other teachers of the deaf and by our own ignorance, we groped our way. Gradually light dawned. The child began to recall words forgotten in her long illness, and to add new words to her vocabulary learned from our lips. A young teacher, Miss True, who has ever since been devoted to the instruction of the deaf, but was then totally inexperienced, though admirably fitted by nature and training for the work, came to our aid. Our little girl joined her sisters in her lessons and their play. She knew no signs, she spoke imperfectly but intelligibly, and understood those around her. It was in after years that she told me she did not then know that she differed in any way from other children, and sometimes wondered why strangers would address your younger sister rather than herself. Meanwhile, under Miss True's intelligent teaching, her mental development progressed rapidly, and her language grew daily. We could not but feel that we had chosen the better system of education for our child, and earnestly wished other deaf children might share its advantages. We were confirmed in this opinion when, on a trip to Washington, we called with our little girl on Mr. Gallaudet and his mother, a deaf-mute. As she observed the child, and witnessed the readiness with which she understood and answered Mr. Gallaudet, she turned to her son and asked, "Why was not I taught to speak?"

In 1864, in connection with a few friends and aided by Dr. Howe, we applied to the Legislature for a charter for a school where the system of teaching articulation and lip-reading should be used. Hon. Lewis J. Dudley of Northampton, a member of the Senate and of the Committee on Education to which our petition was referred, had a daughter born deaf, then a pupil in the American Asylum. He was convinced from his own observation that it was impossible to teach the deaf to speak, and through his influence our efforts were defeated. Not baffled nor discouraged by defeat, we then, with the aid and sympathy of a few friends, determined to open a little school of our own. After eight months of waiting for pupils, our school was opened at Chelmsford, in June, 1866, with only five pupils; but Miss Rogers was their teacher. Her sister had been with Dr. Howe as the teacher of Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell, both deaf, dumb, and blind from their birth. How identified Miss Rogers has been with the whole work from the very beginning, how much of its success is due to her earnestness and entire devotion, we all know.

Since the first days of that little school, teachers equally faithful, equally devoted, equally earnest, have entered into the work, and have carried it on to its present success; but Miss Rogers gave it its first start. Hon. Thomas Talbot, then lieutenant governor, and brother-in-law of Miss Rogers, became interested in the work, and encouraged us to apply again to the Legislature. Mr. Talbot called with me on Gov. Bullock to secure his aid. To our great surprise and pleasure, the governor informed us that he had just learned that a gentleman in Northampton had been watching our work, and was ready to give fifty thousand dollars towards the endowment of a school for the deaf in Massachusetts, and that he would gladly help us.

In his annual address to the Legislature, in 1867, he said, "For successive years the deaf-mutes of the Commonwealth, through annual appropriations, have been placed for instruction and training in the asylum at Hartford. While, in the treatment of these unfortunate, science was at fault and methods were crude, in the absence of local provisions, this course was perhaps justifiable; but with aided light of study and experience, which has explored the hidden ways and developed the mysterious laws by which the recesses of nature are reached, I cannot longer concur in the policy of expatriation, for I confess I share the sympathetic yearnings of the people of Massachusetts towards these children of the State detained by indissoluble chains in the domain of silence. This rigid grasp we may never relax; but over unseen waves, through the seemingly impassable gulf that separates them from

their fellows, we may impart no small amount of abstract knowledge and moral culture. They are the wards of the State. Then, as ours is the responsibility, be ours also the grateful labor; and I know not to what supervision we may more safely intrust the delicate and intricate task than to the matured experience which has overcome the greater difficulty of blindness superadded to privation of speech and hearing. In no other object of philanthropy the warm heart of Massachusetts responds more promptly, assured as I am, on substantial grounds, that legislative action in this direction will develop rich sources of private beneficence. I have the honor to recommend that the initial steps be taken to provide for this class of dependants within our own Commonwealth," etc.

This portion of the message was referred to a large joint special committee, of which Mr. Dudley was chairman on the part of the House. Dr. Howe and Mr. F. B. Sanborn (the chairman and secretary of the Board of State Charities) appeared for that board; I represented petitioners for an act of incorporation; while Rev. Collins Stone (the principal of the American Asylum), Rev. W. W. Turner (its former principal), and Hon. Calvin Day (one of its vice-presidents) appeared in the interests of the asylum as advocates of the sign-language, and as opponents of our petition. A large number of deaf-mutes, with Professor D. E. Bartlett as interpreter, were also present. At one of the hearings my daughter was called before the committee, and questioned in arithmetic, history, and geography. Her answers were satisfactory.

To test her general intelligence, a gentleman asked, "Can you tell me who laid the first Atlantic cable?" Quickly and smilingly she answered, "Cyrus Field." The committee was convinced that her progress and intelligence were equal to that of most hearing children of the same age, and gave us our charter. At one of these hearings our little girl saw for the first time the deaf-mute's signs, and asked why deaf-mutes did not speak with the lips, as she did, for she thought it a great deal better to talk with the mouth than with the fingers. Mr. Dudley became convinced of the superiority of the oral system, and, with tears in his eyes, asked if his little daughter could ever be taught to speak. In a year he heard from her lips the words "father" and "mother."

Miss Rogers removed with her little school to Northampton, and became its principal. Thus the first school for teaching articulation, lip-reading, and oral instruction, was established in this country. A member of the committee from Boston, also a member of the school committee of Boston, took an especial interest in the hearing. He attended every meeting, and visited our little school at Chelmsford, called repeatedly to see our daughter, and aided us by every means in his power to obtain our charter, having first inserted a provision giving us the right to establish schools in two other suitable places besides Northampton. The name of that gentleman was Dexter S. King. His interest in the education of deaf children, instead of ceasing with the granting of our charter, increased.

Scarcely was our school opened, when he asked that a branch might be started in Boston. This we were unable to do. Mr. King, as a member of the school board, secured the appointment of a committee to consider this subject in 1878 and 1879. The city was canvassed. Fifty deaf children were found, of whom only twenty-two were in school. Twenty-eight were at home, with no one able to render them aid in their search for an education. The committee established this school by the name of "The School for Deaf-Mutes." It was on November 10th, 1880, in a room in the old schoolhouse in East Street, with nine pupils. In one week an afternoon session had opened for eleven other pupils in the schoolhouse on Somerset Street. In January, 1879, it moved into suitable quarters on Pemberton Square, where it remained for several years.

When Mr. King retired from the school committee of the city of Boston, in 1871, a series of resolutions were passed—"that to him was mainly due the project of establishing in this city a public school for deaf-mutes, the first institution of the kind in America,"—and expressing the thanks of the board for his valuable services.

For the remaining years of his life he was almost a daily visitor at the school. In the year 1873, the name of the school was changed to "The Horace Mann School." A principal was necessary who could not only instruct the deaf, but could supervise all the interests of the school, securing both the affection of the pupils and the confidence and respect of the school committee. To Miss Fuller this school and the deaf children of America owe a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

A few years later an English gentleman, Mr. B. St. John Ackers, visited the various schools of England and America, seeking for the best means of educating his own deaf child. He decided that she should be taught by articulation rather than by signs, which was the system then used in the English institution. He was so much pleased with this school, that he engaged one of its teachers, Miss Barton, to return with him. More and more convinced of the superiority of articulation teaching, and feeling the importance of

thorough and earnest teachers, he was led to establish a normal school, which has sent out many teachers well fitted for their work. Subsequently Mr. Ackers, then a member of Parliament, was influential in securing the appointment of a royal commission to investigate and report upon the condition of the blind, the deaf and the dumb of the United Kingdom, and was appointed one of the commission by the Queen.

Dr. Gallaudet and Professor Bell were invited to be present as representing the two systems in use in this country. Mr. Bell gave a full account of the Horace Mann School and its work, in which he has always felt the deepest interest. In their report the commission recommend "that every child who is deaf should have full opportunity of education in the oral system; that all children should be for the first year, at least, instructed in the oral system; and after the first year they should be taught to speak and lip-read on the oral system, unless they are physically deficient; that children who have partial hearing should in all cases be instructed in the pure oral system; that trained teachers of the deaf should, as in Germany, receive salaries such as would induce teachers of special attainments to enter the profession, and on a higher scale than those enjoyed by trained teachers of ordinary children."

In England as well as our own country the influence of our work has been felt. The year before the Clarke Institution was opened, there were only 119 deaf children from the State at school. Now there are 312, an increase of 160 per cent, while our population has increased only 50 per cent. Massachusetts has, therefore, more than three times as many pupils to-day in proportion to population as it had twenty years ago. Starting from Massachusetts as a centre, public interest was everywhere excited by the deaf. New institutions and day-schools were established in different parts of the country. In many of these the oral system alone was used. In all, teachers of articulation and lip-reading made a part of their daily instruction. The number of pupils has increased from 3,247 in 1870, to 8,575 in 1890; and, in proportion to population, the ratio of increase equals that of our own State three to one. Who can doubt but that this is due to the influence of the Clarke and Horace Mann Schools, and to the general interest they have awakened in the education of the deaf?

Institutions for the deaf are undoubtedly necessary in every State, as children must be gathered from distant points; but wherever there are, in cities, a sufficient number of children, day-schools are certainly to be preferred. The home influence, the strong ties of affection, are often more important to the deaf child than to the hearing, for he is less prepared to fight the battle of life. The success of the Horace Mann School has led to the opening of day-schools in Portland, Providence, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Evansville, New Orleans, and La Crosse.

Let us here pause for a moment to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one of the first and best teachers of this school. Early in its history Miss Bond became interested in it, and gave to it her time, her sympathies, and her earnest labors. For years her efforts for its progress were unwearying, and even in failing health and extreme physical suffering the welfare of the school was ever in her mind.

When we consider that the interest in deaf-mute education which formed the Royal Commission and the recommendations which have so changed the system of education in Great Britain is a direct growth from our work, have we not reason to believe that the seed sown in our weakness has already borne much fruit, and will yield a still more abundant harvest?

Believing that for the deaf our system lessens their privations, brings them more into communication with their friends and fellows, and instead of building up still higher the separating wall of a different language, opens to them as to others the treasures of written language, shall we not rejoice that it has been our privilege to work together for this end, and that out of the affliction of a little child a blessing has come to so many?

The success of our schools in which we rejoice to-day is due not only to the superiority of the oral system over the sign-language system, not only to the energy and perseverance of their founders, but, more than all, to the devotion, to the untiring zeal, and to the ability, of our teachers. No other teaching is so exacting, requires such constant attention and unwearying application.

The names of all are too numerous to mention. In our earthly as in our heavenly firmament one star differs from another in glory, but bright as constellations shines the names of Miss Rogers, Miss Fuller, and Miss Bond.

This school is appropriately named the Horace Mann School, since Mr. Mann was the first to recommend the adoption of the oral system; but it was to Mr. King that this school owes its existence. The names of those who laid the foundation and built the edifice should not be forgotten.

But it is to Mr. King that this school owes its existence. A bronze tablet should be affixed to its walls; and associated with the name of Horace Mann should be the names of Dexter S. King and Sarah Fuller, in-

scribed thereon, that thus the names of the three who have done so much for the education of the deaf may be perpetuated.

Kansas Notes.

John Naughton has not returned to school, but is working on the farm. He lives in Coffey County.

The marriage of two editors in Kansas within the past week indicates a revival of prosperity in that State.

John Delaney is occupying a position in a shoe factory at St. Joseph, Mo.

There are rumors of a new society that will soon be organized among the younger and progressive mutes of Kansas City.

We would like to answer a letter we received from Paris last summer, but are unable to, as we have not the address at present.

Solomon Tantz is holding down a claim out in the wilds of Sheridan County. He will dance and whistle long and loud, when the blizzards are roaring.

Arthur Wait does not take cream in his coffee. This important fact is a dead give-away.

So many young men save up their money and buy bicycles that they afterwards trade off for baby carriages.

When Ben Sprague says he is still "in it," he is supposed to refer to the soup.

Geo. Root is counted one of the best engineers running an engine in the Kansas City yards.

Lieutenant Fuller, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, is a cousin of Prof. Harrah, of the Kansas School. Mr. Harrah intended going up some time to see the field manoeuvres, but all the soldiers have been ordered to Dakota to fight the Indians.

W. H. Stinson, a shoemaker, intends removing to Indiana soon. He has followed the advice of Prof. Bell in regard to matrimony.

Jim Hugaboom is now farming in Montgomery County.

Bobby Lines is now prospecting around Southern Missouri. He intends visiting Neodesha for a few days, as that little town has more deaf-mutes than any other place in Kansas.

Joe Hatton is now working on Frank Scott's farm. He is the possessor of an inexhaustible fund of stories.

There are three mutes working for Joseph Cox on his farm in Sumner County.

Isaac Jones is just at present located somewhere between Texas and Dakota.

Mr. Fred. Willard, representative of the State Assembly from the first district and associate editor of the *Leavenworth Standard*, has received from Superintendent Walker a copy of the Biennial Report, and also a copy of the *Star*, containing I. W. Tipton's article on "Civil Service Reform."

Jake Dold has returned from the South, and was a guest of Frank Scott for several days. He will probably remain in Kansas City during the winter.

Here's our guess: Corn will be seventy five cents before March 1st. The wheat in Kansas is a foot high. A jack-rabbit can't hide in it without laying back his ears.

Hon. Fred. Willard, representative-elect to the State Assembly and associate editor of the *Leavenworth Standard*, has kindly loaned the writer a cloth-bound copy of the Biennial Report of the State Charitable Institutions. The Report of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum occupies thirty-eight pages of the volume. The growth during the last five years has been remarkable.

They are having lots of fun in Kansas City over Charlie Topf. He put on his best clothes, and his most genial smile, and went ostensibly to see the Rev. Mr. Mann's lecture. His feelings were so warm that a blizzard struck Kansas City the day after he left.

Near the corner of Seventh and Delaware streets in Kansas City is a sign with a hand painted on it pointing to a print shop, and kicking the iron life out of a Gordon press will be found Jos. Burkhead.

There are so many smiths in Kansas City that we get dizzy trying to record them. The latest is that John Smith is the best shoemaker in the city.

Frank Laughlin has been troubled of late with neuralgia in the head, or did "Prince" mean it as a delicate allusion to "swell head."

Himans, a typo from Memphis, Tenn., has struck Kansas City for the winter, and expects to work for the Kellogg Syndicate with Walter Edwards.

Louis Hecker, the Jerry Rusk of Kansas, is working in Rosedale. Life is all rosy with Louis again.

The old pupils of the Kansas school will remember Addie Foster. She is now married to a hearing man, and has two children.

We congratulate "Prince" on his possession of a new engine. Nothing gladdens the heart of a skilled mechanic as good machines and tools.

We never thought that the free and independent Bobby Lines, who so loves to roam over the broad prairies, would ever be found under the ground. He is working now down in a lead mine in Missouri.

Wm. Hummer, the "Hummer" of Western Kansas, and Miss Mary Golden were married lately in Olathe. "Hummer" now lives in Missouri, where he has a farm.

CHOX TOZZ.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

NEW YORK.

A Chapter on "Dont's" and "Wont's"

INTERSPERSED WITH A LITTLE NEWS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

About New Year's time folks set to thinking a great deal. Their thoughts fly back to promises and resolutions made with the beginning of the dying year. Perhaps they have kept them, and perhaps they have not. In either case, they generally begin with another addition of "Dont's" and "Wont's" and proceed to carry them out.

Well, these "dont's" and "wont's" can be used to good effect here, and may not prove amiss as an aid to those who have decided to begin the New Year on the safe and right track.

Don't forget to renew your subscription to the JOURNAL. If you are a deaf-mute, the more especially. It is well to keep posted on matters pertaining to those who, like yourself, can neither hear nor speak, and it tells you of many things you would like to know.

Don't mingle with deaf-mutes all the time, and don't mingle with hearing people all the time. You will be happier by dividing your time in the society of each. With the one you can expand your thoughts to their full extent. With the other, you are likely, if you impose on their presence, to be put down as a bore. Don't be a bore. That is almost as bad as being a nuisance.

Don't think your wisdom above that of any other deaf-mute you know. Look around and you will find many know as much, if not more than you do.

Try and not call on your friends too frequently. Call at reasonable hours. Not in the early morning, before they have got fairly done with their first meal. Many a mute has wondered at the cold reception extended by friends who previously welcomed him warmly. If asked to come again, time your coming for a fortnight, though a month would be better.

Don't prevaricate. If you hear such and such a thing about such and such a person, keep it to yourself, if the telling of it to anybody else will lead to injure the person. Don't exaggerate your information. Prevarication is bad enough. Exaggeration heap'd on prevarication brew storms that are disagreeable all round.

Don't stay out late nights. Rosy and well developed cheeks are obtained by retiring early. Rising early means good health, sturdy constitution and an appetite that will please your wife, your mother, and frighten your landlady.

Don't trust Jimmy Loneragan if he offers you a ginger snap. Johnny Lloyd did last week, and his mouth felt for the next five minutes as if a Chinese cracker had exploded in it. There was pepper in the ginger snap.

If you care even a little bit for the success of the Peet Memorial, don't fail to attend the Proteans' entertainment on the 3d of January. It may not be your "turn next, to get poisoned," but it is your turn now to think of the object, the proceeds of the entertainment will benefit, and act in a generous spirit. Don't think you live too far to bring with you a friend or two. The elevated road and cable road laugh at distance. Don't say you won't go on account of the presence of this or that person. If you don't notice anything but the play, you will be apt to enjoy it; and the person won't care for your absence as much as the delight of looking at you. The Proteans are capable of making you forget your troubles.

Don't hold back your application for membership in some deaf-mute society, because the society meets in such and such a place. If you don't like the place, join the society, and use your endeavors to change the meeting place. Don't wait for the ladder of fame. By joining you will help it to gain that coveted point. Don't mind who the members are. Join for the good it will do you from intercourse with others who are your equals, if not superiors in many respects.

Add your mite to helping any worthy object. If you are a girl or woman ask four of your female friends to join you in forming a circle of five, as advocated by Dr. Peet. Don't be afraid you won't succeed. Five cents a month from ten of your hearing or deaf-mute friends will credit you in a year from now with six dollars. If the members of your circle do the same, the total will sum up thirty dollars. And ten such circles will give the Gallaudet Home three hundred dollars a year. That will go a long way towards helping the Home.

Don't borrow and don't lend, if you can, by a hair of a possibility, avoid either. Doing this has made many a man and a woman the possessor of the riches he and she now

Don't laugh because Ed. Whalen wants to know if there is any reader who can let him have, or tell him where he can get, copies of the poems or songs entitled, "I dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls," and "Let me dream once more." We think the former is by Thomas Moore, and the latter was never dreamed of. Mr. Whalen has a good object in wanting the verses. Won't somebody help him.

Don't predict disaster because a small audience saw Mr. Alex Gold-fogle lecture on "Wonders and Curiosities of the World" before the Adelphi Literary Union last Saturday night. Mr. Goldfogle did himself credit. It was holiday week, and not very pleasant out-of-doors. The Union has in contemplation a debate on the interesting local question, "Would the Morality of New York be improved by a uniform liquor license of \$5,000 per year for the sale of drinks of any and all kinds intoxicating?" One member of the society is to take part. The others will be made known next week.

You won't agree with us, perhaps, that for ways that are peculiar deaf-mute social events are sometimes ahead. Don't suppose this was not enjoyed on that account. A Christmas evening party given by Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Juring, of Brooklyn, had among its attractions several competitions—Miss Alice M. Hatch won a prize for being the best dressed lady present. Miss Tillie Hericht, in three trials overpowered Miss Hannah Henry in a tug-of-war contest, and won a prize. For being the most graceful dancer, Miss Lizzie Smith also captured a prize. Games usually prominent at social gatherings were participated in, and a collation was served by the hostess, that was partaken of by Mr. and Mrs. Ijams, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, Misses Alice Hatch, Ida and Tillie Hericht, Lizzie Smith, Hannah Henry, M. Welch, and Messrs. Simon, Wilkinson, Greis, Tilton Haight, Ed. Whalen, Fred. Peak, Sol. Cornelius and several others.

If you are in a hurry coming down the Elevated station steps, don't flare up because the end of a woman's dress trails on the steps before you. The stairs are not very long, and a woman is a woman all the world over. Haste makes waste, as you will find out if you tread on the woman's skirts. She will blame you for being a lumbering numb-skull.

Don't be too ready to find fault with others. If a member of your society makes a mistake on the platform, hold back your sarcasm. Correct him gently when you find him alone, and you, him and the society will be better for it.

Don't always leave your wife to take care of home. She appreciates amusement as much as you do. In your courting days you were over-anxious to have her attend entertainments with you. Don't think because other men don't bring their wives with them to deaf-mute entertainments that you should follow suit. Of course, this don't mean every entertainment that comes along. There are exceptions to everything.

Don't make too many calls on New Year's day. You won't feel the worse for it on January 2d. It will be the bad to stay home, as calling is getting played out. If you do call, don't sip anything more cumbersome than sherry. Tom Brown's advice to take coffee when possible, will do for conscientious advice.

Don't let the idea of taking out yourself a wife bother you, unless you are assured by a bank account, and prospects of steady employment, that such a step is practicable.

Don't fail to make a firm resolve you will be more steady in your habits during 1891 than during 1890, and the preceding years. Don't fail to attend church regularly, and slip your mite unobserved regularly in the contribution box. Say you won't talk any more during service in church, and decide you won't waste your talk on other occasions that interferes with what is going on.

Don't neglect two or three visits during the year to the scene of your school days, if you can help it. Don't impress the youngsters at school of dogs; that it was not like what it used to be; and that when you were there, your companions were all six-footers; you may have forgotten you were a small boy then. Don't blow about your by wages, when the one's you are talking to know you are not exactly getting what you say. Don't fill their heads with nonsense. Give them good, if simple advice. Impress them with the value of a good education, and don't be afraid to tell them of the "might have been" had you been more studious.

Don't forget the Fanwood Social Club ball on the 28th, of January evening, if you care or don't care for dancing. Don't let Captain Kircher, he is king in tug-of-war competitions. Don't let him shake hands with you, if you value the shape of your fingers. Shake hands with him. Don't try and impress everybody there you are one of the swell 400. Be modest, and you will find the event enjoyable. It won't do to pass by the announcement Robert Harth and a few others contemplate, and are already arranging for a masquerade ball in aid of the Gallaudet Home. But we don't know when it is to happen.

Don't use your hands and arms on the street or in crowded places as if you were serving the purpose of a wind-mill. Loud talking is abhorred by hearing people. Loud sign-making won't be pleasant to passers-by, and will prove particularly disagreeable to your listener.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Deidamia J. Smith, of Deerfield, Mass., has been working at a silver shop in Greenfield, Mass., since last August.

"T. S. R.", of 10 West 129th Street, New York, has for sale pretty sofa cushions of garnet plush. Write as above for price.

Herman Koch, deaf and dumb, became insane, and attacked the members of his family with a butcher knife. He was captured after a hard struggle and landed in jail. He will be sent back to Europe.

FANWOOD.

A Merry Christmas.

FORTHCOMING ENTERTAINMENT.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

It has become the custom year after year for a dozen or so of the boys, who remain at the Institution during the holidays, to sit up until very late on the eve of Christmas, and decorate the walls of the pupils' dining-room with evergreens, flags, etc., in an artistic manner, and also construct on the long table close to the wall, a model tract of land covered with cotton or some other substance as a substitute for snow, with houses located here and there. Sometimes there is placed in the centre of the long table a Christmas tree having its branches heavily laden with all kinds of toys.

This year the decorations on both wall and table are very simple, but the scene is somewhat grand and imposing. On the long table is spread a thin layer of cotton batting, and at one end a model cottage, luxuriously furnished and decorated within. At the front door stands a horse and cutter. The occupants of the cottage it appears will have a jolly sleigh ride after finishing their evening meal. On the wall above there is in beautiful letters, the following inscription:

A Merry Christmas.

The whole work this year was managed by Master Henry Bettels assisted by Messrs. Van Seggar, Kerr, Goo, F. Avens, Cox, Probst, Hamm, Moore and McMickle. Each of these boys deserve credit for all that they did.

The exercises in the chapel, which were conducted by Dr. Peet were very brief, but at the same time very interesting.

After chapel services came the Christmas dinner, which was as on former occasion a feast to the boys and girls, and that all did full justice goes without saying.

In the evening the social reunion in the girls' sitting-room was made very enjoyable than usual by the presence of many of the officers and teachers. All who attended the reunion received a paper bag full of candies, nuts, apples, oranges, etc. Mr. Joseph H. Banks was present with his sturdy little twin boys, who were quite the centre of admiration from all present.

A snow-storm that vividly recalled the great blizzard of a few years ago, occurred on Friday last.

John E. O'Brien, assisted by Henry Bettels, gave a magic-lantern exhibition in the boys' study last Saturday evening. The pictures consisted chiefly of shadows, comic, etc. The lantern is a small one, such as used at small parties. The boys enjoyed the treat very much. Mr. O'Brien is also an excellent shadowist.

In the chapel of the Institution next Saturday evening, January 3d, 1891, the Proteans hold their second annual entertainment. Every deaf-mute residing in New York and its vicinity should try and attend. The play promises to be one of the best ever given at the Institution. Those who attend won't regret it, as half of the proceeds go to the Peet Memorial Fund.

Mr. William Kellogg, the only brother of Mrs. Henry, died at his home in Fauquier County, Va., on the 22d of December, of heart trouble. He was sixty-two years of age. He leaves a family of five children, the youngest being a girl of twelve. Mrs. Henry had been to see him in the early part of this month, and when she returned he was able to walk about and was thought to be convalescing. Consequently the news of his death was a great shock to her. In her sad bereavement she has the sympathy of all connected with the Institution.

Supervisor Prosperi had the palm of his right hand lacerated last week. Stanley Robinson, one of the members of the High Class, has just recovered from an attack of pneumonia. A new electric bell has been put up on the front door of the main building. The old fashioned bell on various occasions failed to work.

Many useful and handsome presents have been received by the pupils from home. From H. A. Betz, W. Bowers, Jr., has received as a Christmas present a nice silver watch. William Slattery, who has been one of the supervisors of the boys for nearly three years, resigned on the 30th of December.

Mr. Alex. L. Pach, wife and little boy, Stewart Lester Pach, spent Sunday afternoon and evening with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson at their home on the Heights. Mr. Timothy F. Driscoll, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, and later a student for two years of Columbia College, called at the JOURNAL office on Monday.

This will be our last letter for 1890, and we hope that one and all of the numerous readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will have a very Happy New Year.

A. QUAD.

Dec. 31, '90.

On the 24th inst., while sojourning in Laredo, Texas, Rev. Job Turner found six uneducated mutes, and reported them to Principal Blatter, of the Texas Deaf and Dumb Institution. He left Laredo for the North the same afternoon on his return to Virginia.

BOSTON.

Christmas Tree Party.

MINOR MENTION.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

Nearly every one of about on hundred deaf-mutes present at the Tree Party in Alpha Hall last Wednesday evening, was remembered by their friends in the shape of Christmas gifts, and some had one, others had more, and all the poor children were well provided with scarfs, mittens, books, etc. The tree was pretty full, having all presents fully exposed to view, which made a beautiful display, while the platform on which the tree stood, was nearly covered with packages of all sizes.

After one hour's inspection, the Committee called the party to order, and Mr. Frank Clark declaimed a poem entitled "Christmas Carol" beautifully; then Miss Mary Bigelow, a little girl about seven years old, played as if she was trying to find Santa Claus, and in response to her knock at a door, Mrs. J. A. Blanchard, disguised as Santa Claus, appeared, greeted the party with a "Merry Christmas," and began to distribute presents. Children gathered together around Santa Claus, waiting with anxiety for their own presents, while the older ones amused themselves by seeing who got this or that, and how he or she liked it, etc.

There was one big package in the shape of a box for Mr. Ed. Duran, and on his opening it, he found an old hat with a broad brim painted "Ed. Durgin." Though he was apparently pleased with it, as he made fun of it, he was really the maddest person in the party.

Ice cream and cake were furnished. In comparing this party with last year, this one surpassed the other far in its abundance and elegance and joy. The party has made something like twenty dollars, which will make up for what the Charitable Relief Society has spent for the poor's gifts.

Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Wheeler, who composed of a committee, are entitled to credit for the success of the party.

The most pleasing and surprising news of the week is the engagement of Miss Edna Howes, of Hyde Park, to Mr. S. G. Davidson, a teacher in Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. John Cummings was married to Mrs. Antres B. Parker by Rev. Mr. Searing, in the latter's house, on East Brookline Street in this city, last Tuesday.

"Laurentius" regrets having made an error in reporting Miss Bella Flagg's surprise party, which did not come off all. He was misinformed by a lady, who had no intention of spoiling the fun by reporting it in advance. It was to come off next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee will give a crystal wedding party at their home on Dorchester Avenue next Thursday.

Rev. Mr. P. W. Packard will lecture to the Boston Deaf-Mute Society next Wednesday evening, and Mr. Harry Babbitt, on the 14th of January.

Prof. Abel S. Clark as usual attracted a large crowd at the Boston Deaf-Mute Society to-day. Among those present was Messrs. Howard M. Mayberry, of Lowell, and Larabee, of Stoneham.

Rev. Mr. Searing conducted the services for deaf-mutes in the Church of Good Shepherd this morning.

Messrs. Harry Babbitt and Kenney contemplate a trip to New York to attend the Fanwood Social Club Ball.

The Mutual and Charitable Relief Association has been offered, by the Boston Society, the free use of the hall once every month on conditions. Whether they have accepted the offer, "Laurentius" cannot tell.

Mr. A. W. Gerry wrote two poems appealing for Miss Nellie Sweet's votes, which were printed in the *Globe*, which was complimentary to him.

Mr. A. F. Osgood, who has been in Indianapolis for some time, has returned to his home in Natick, Mass. LAURENTIUS.

Rev. Mr. Orvis Duntzer's Appointments.

Tuesday, January 6th, 1891—(The Epiphany) 7:30 p.m., Grace Church, Elmira, N. Y.

Wednesday, January 7—7:30 p.m., Christ Church, Binghamton.

Thursday, January 8th—7:30 p.m., Trinity Church, Utica.

Sunday, January 11th—2:30 p.m., Zion's, Rome.

Monday, January 12th—7:30 p.m., St. Paul's, Syracuse.

Friday, January 16th—St. Peter's, Geneva.

Sunday, January 18th—3 p.m., St. Luke's, Rochester.

Sunday, January 25th—3 p.m., St. James, Buffalo, N. Y.

A surprise party was tendered to Mr. Robert Rusk, on Saturday, December 27th, at his home in Brooklyn. Mr. Blake, in behalf of his friends presented Mr. Rusk with a handsome meerschaum pipe and a paper of fine smoking tobacco. At midnight a sumptuous supper was served. Among those present were Messrs. Lackas, Hughes, Hyman, Mountain, Freeholder and Nicholson; Messrs. Partington, J. McLaughlin and about fifteen other gentlemen.

COLUMBUS.

An Enjoyable Party.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Voelkel, of Grove City, a village eight or nine miles south-west of Columbus, was the scene of a happy and gay party Saturday evening last. It was in the nature of a surprise party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Voelkel's daughter, Flora, and tendered by her numerous deaf-mute friends of Columbus. A fortnight before, the affair was broached by one of Flora's former schoolmates and arrangements made to carry it into execution. It was finally decided as the most feasible, to drive out in a coach. Accordingly at six-fifteen o'clock on the above evening, one of the Columbus Transfer Company's pleasure coaches, drawn by four spirited horses, left the east gate of the Institution grounds filled with as happy a set of people as it ever contained. The drive out was enlivened in various ways, and no one had an opportunity to doze if he so desired. Though clouds obscured the moon, yet that prevented no one from carrying on conversation, as a lantern within the coach gave light to all. When the party reached its destination and alighted from the vehicle, many of them looked as if they had just emerged from a straw stack, so promiscuously had the straw been thrown about during the journey by those to fun inclined. The arrival of so large a crowd at the hotel of the village made the denizens of the town wonder what it all meant. However, their curiosity was soon dispelled. Miss Voelkel was called into the presence of the visitors and as they were not strangers to her, the fact soon became patent that she had been made the victim of a surprise party. Following introductions to members of the household, a series of games were commenced and kept up until a supper was announced, and this proved highly satisfactory. There were oysters, ham, dried beef, buns, jellies, sardines, grapes, oranges, cakes, coffee and other good things the inner man relishes. From the table the party adjourned to the parlor again and began another round of games, the light fantastic coming in for a share by those inclined keeping time to the sweet and lively strains of the piano which a hearing gentleman manipulated. The time for breaking up seemed to have come too soon. Good-byes were given and the party started on its homeward journey, all pronouncing to having thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Besides a number of hearing persons who joined the party at Grove City, the following deaf-mutes were there from Columbus: Mr. R. Patterson, Mr. A. H. Schory and wife, Mr. J. S. Leib and wife, Mr. R. P. McGregor, Mr. A. B. Greener, Mr. Ed. Dundon, Mr. W. Zorn, Mr. C. W. Charles, Mrs. Emma Hippler, Miss Nettie Jones, Misses Mary and Nellie Dundon, Miss Bell McRedmond, Miss Emma Ek, Mr. P. P. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. King, Miss Ella Henry, Miss Mary Elsey, Miss Edith Biggam, Miss Mary Conover, Mr. Thomas F. Goldsmith and Mr. Alonzo Kingry, of Orient.

The observance of Christmas at the Institution was begun Wednesday evening, by the presentation of a Christmas tree and distribution of presents among the pupils. The exercises were opened at seven o'clock, that time the curtain rose and gave to view upon the stage a magnificent bedecked and lighted tree. The scene was not only admired by the little ones, but by the old as well. After a little time, three or four little imps, dressed in scarlet and conspicuous for their long noses, crept forth from behind the tree, and were presently met by that distinguished personage known to children as Santa Claus. A little rumpus occurred between the parties, and as it was in the nature of pleasantry, was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Santa next began the distribution of presents to the pupils, and each was remembered with a generous supply of candy, an orange and nuts. For the next hour pupils mingled socially together in chapel and then were sent off to bed. After breakfast, Christmas morning boxes and packages sent to pupils were distributed among them, and until 9:45 these received special attention from the recipients. Appropriate services in the chapel conducted by Principal Patterson were held at above hour, after which pupils had the rest of the day to themselves. An old-time Christmas dinner was served at one o'clock, to which none failed to do justice to the many and good things Steward Hartnett had taken special pains to provide, and to these were added cake and fruit for supper in the respective study rooms of the pupils.

The feature of the evening was the pantomime presentation of characters from "Ben Hur," upon which the committee had been at work for several week past. The parade of the soldiers and "Minnet of the Naiads" seemed most to please, especially the latter. The play was too solemn to enthrone the average small boy, who delights in some thing more humorous. "Ben Hur" will do for old folks, who can appreciate its fine points. Another thing which was a drawback to the play were the long waits

between acts. However, the committee did the best it could.

Following is a synopsis of the play.

SYNOPSIS:

1. Meeting of the wise men, Balthasar, Melchior and Gaspar in the court.
2. The wise men before Herod, King of Jerusalem, asking where Christ the King of the Jews is born.
3. Parade of Roman soldiers.
4. Gratus, the Roman commander, injured by a tile falling from the house of the Hur family. Ben Hur, his mother and sister arrested for the crime.
5. Minnet of the Naiads in the grove of Daphne.
6. Ben Hur lured into the palace of Idemee by a note from a lady. Meets instead of the lady Thord and his companion, two Roman pugilists, who came to kill him. Her claims acquaintance with Thord, and proposes to fight the other bully for his life. Thord consents. Ben Hur kills the bully and goes off with Thord who acknowledges him as an old pupil.
7. Ben Hur's mother and sister in prison. Released by Roman soldiers.
8. Home of the Hur family. Ben Hur seen asleep at the door-step by his mother, his sister Tirzah and the servant Amrah. Amrah awakens him.
9. Amrah at the well, looking for Ben Hur's mother and sister who are lepers. The lepers appear, and are driven back by the Jews. They come again, and are fed by Amrah.
10. Healing of the lepers. Reunion of the family of Hur.

CHRISTMAS CHIPS.

'Twas a typical Christmas. A crisp air and white down besprinkling the landscape.

The day before Christmas everybody anticipated a green Christmas, but when they peeped through the shutters in the morning, lo! and behold a white mantle covered the ground.

"M. C.'s" were abundant all day throughout the Institution. Some of the pupils wore a little booklet on their coat lapels upon which was printed an appropriate selection for the day, and a cut of a Christmas tree.

Mr. P. P. Pratt personated Santa Claus, and did it well. After distributing his presents all the little pupils were eager to shake hands with Santa, just for once at least.

The scholars of the Second Grammar class were remembered by their teacher in the way of fruit, candies and nuts. A fine Christmas tree also adorns the slate of their school-room. The express companies did a loud office business in delivering packages and parcels.

Judging from the numerous packages on the post-office box in the hall during the week, many parents were remembered by their children by gifts.

Some of the pupils not only received generous in point of quantity, but in quality as well. The matron, Mrs. Rose and Mr. Ira Crandon were persons much sought after Christmas morning, for they were the dispensers of boxes and packages.

Messrs. George Evans, Willie Norrish and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Swords were here from Springfield to spend Christmas; Messrs. John Garity and Frank Shamesy were in from Dayton, while Cleveland and vicinity were represented by Messrs. John Viets, F. R. Brown, John Emrick and Elworth Towner; from Canton, John F. Schild and Thomas Crowley. Among other ex-pupils present from abroad we saw Frank Willing, Elza Morrison, John Alt, Arthur Whitacre and Miss Cora Geer.

Not a pupil was permitted to spend the holiday at home, hence at Friday's session of school, every scholar was in his or her class.

The father of Bessie Defrees sent a large collection of Christmas presents with a request that they should be distributed among the poor or orphan pupils, which was done.

Dec. 26, '90.

NOTICE.

Residents of Brooklyn are invited to St. Mark's Church next Sunday afternoon, January 4th, 1891, at three.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Jan. 4.—Columbus, 9 A.M.
" 4.—Columbus, 11:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

" 4.—Columbus, 3 P.M. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Rev. John Chamberlain's Appointments.

Deaf-mutes are invited to services in sign-language at the following named times and places:—

Sunday, Jan. 4.—10:45 A.M. and 1 P.M., in All Saints' Church, Providence, R. I.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—7:30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Peter's Church, Beverly, Mass.

Thursday, Jan. 8.—7:30 P.M., in the chapel of St. John's Church, Lowell, Mass.

Sunday, Jan. 11.—10:45 A.M. in the S. S. room, Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass., and 7:30 P.M., in the chapel of St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass.

ADELPHI LITERARY UNION.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Saturday Eve., Jan. 10th, 1891.

DEBATE:—"Would the morality of New York City be improved by a uniform liquor license of \$5,000 per year, for the sale of intoxicating drinks of any and all kinds?"

AFFIRMATIVE. NEGATIVE. Watch this! Watch this!

LYCEUM MEETING ROOM, 498 3d AVE. 8 o'clock P.M.

ADMISSION - - 10 CENTS.

COMMITTEES:

J. F. O'Brien, D. J. Sullivan, J. Nally.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The Holidays.

MINOR NOTES.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The Holidays began last Tuesday, right after the results of the examinations just passed had been given out. Most of the students passed in their examinations, and among the number may be counted all the young lady students. After Dr. Gallaudet had given out the results, he spoke in a complimentary manner upon the term work just completed. He said, however, as successful as has been the term, the next term could be made more so, and he trusted it would.

As soon as the examination results had been given out, many of the students started for home. Among them were Taylor, '92, McIlvaine, '93, Miss Tiegell, '93. Beadell, '91, went to Erie, Pa., to spend the holidays with Hinrod, ex-'91, and Divine, '94, went to Philadelphia.

Christmas noon a bounteous dinner was served, and those who remained at the College did ample justice to it. To help pass away the holidays the boys got up a shadow pantomime. It was under the management of Seaton, '93, and proved quite a success when it came off last Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:

Scene I.—A Christmas Eve.
Scene II.—A Watermelon "Party."
Scene III.—Carrying out Cesar.
Scene IV.—A Fishing Trip.
Scene V.—A Dude and Boot-black.
Scene VI.—A Washerwoman and her Little Boy.
Scene VII.—The Tragedy of a Snuff Box.
Scene VIII.—A Tailor and an Elephant.

NAMES OF ACTORS:

Messrs. Long and Barton, '92; Seaton and Rivers, '93; Ryan and Drought, '94; Hubbard, Ward, Morley and Brennan, '95; and Raymond Denison.

Mr. Long, '92, did himself proud in his Santa Claus outfit in the first act, and in the sixth act Mr. Drought, '94, probably took the cake as a washerwoman, and brought down the house when little Ray Denison (her little boy) wrung him through the ringer. The entire performance was a credit to those who took part in it.

The following new books have been added to the "Lit." library: "Byron," "Comedies of Moliere," "Great War Syndicate," by Stockton.

"Two sisters of Adams, '86, are visiting him in Washington during the holidays.

The snow of Christmas day has made coasting a very enjoyable pastime for the holidays.

Christmas day, at eleven o'clock, there was a game of foot ball played at Capital Park, between the Columbia Club and a picked team from all Washington, which resulted in a victory for the latter, 6 to 4. Ryan of the Kendalls took part in the game, and did good work. His tackling probably saved a touch down for the Columbias. The game was well attended by our boys.

After this the days will begin to grow longer.

The Provident Fund Accident Society of New York sent up papers to the "Captain and members of the foot ball eleven." No, thanks; we do not want accident insurance policies. Foot ball is not as dangerous as it looks, besides the season is over.

To help pass away the time, the boys are going to have a Mock Court. Mr. Round, '92, has been elected judge.

Cards, chess and dominoes, are all the craze here, especially the former. Market and draw poker are the

(Continued from first page.)

had been beaten and robbed. There was no distinctive mark upon him except the ring upon his little finger that he kisses so. That has the Greek letters 'AEL' upon it."

"That means 'forever' doesn't it? Well, it may be forever with him by no means if the fever doesn't turn."

"I've never been so interested in a case before. There is something so pathetic about his constant calling for that girl. It teaches one that there is such a thing as true love after all. If I could only find her! I thought at first that I would adventure, but for aught that we know she may be in Australia. The world's a weary waste for such a search. The man's a gentleman and such a good fellow beyond a peradventure, and I would do anything to save him."

"That speaks well for your heart, old man; but remember we can't afford to be emotional. Well good-night. I would continue the treatment until midnight if there is no change, and then the drops."

The young doctor sat by his charge watching him with eyes of commiseration. Attentuated, cadaverous and ghastly, the sick man lay with cavernous eyes fixed glaring, and fleshless hands picking and rubbing together. A dark ragged beard accentuated the mortal pallor. Now he would press the little ring to his lips; now he would cry out in tones of agony the name of his beloved. And in the distance one might faintly hear the mellow chimes ringing out the old and heralding in the new.

The young doctor gave him the medicine, he laved his brow, he smoothed his pillow, and then, when a momentary quiet seemed to creep over him, he sat at the table nearby, upon which were writing materials, pencils, and a student's lamp. Indifferently he picked up one of the magazines and turned over its pages.

"Bessie, Bessie Williams," moaned the patient, and the gale without shrieked, as if in mockery of his impotency.

The young doctor glanced from his reading. As he did so his eye caught a writing on the flyleaf. It was this:

"Bessie Williams,
105 East Monmouth Street."
In an instant he seized pen and paper and wrote a note as follows:

Miss Bessie Williams:—
DEAR MADAM: An unknown man, delirious with fever, continually calls for one of your name. He wears a ring marked 'AEL.' If you know him come at once for your presence may save him. He lies within Ward B of the Benevolent Hospital. Yours respectfully,
JAMES BRAHAM, M.D.

He summoned an attendant and dispatched him with it at utmost speed.

And in the distance one might still faintly hear the mellow chimes tolling the old and joyously clanging the new.

IX.

It was midnight. The young doctor still remained at his post. Without the storm still beat, the snow still drifted; within there was silence no longer broken by plaintive entreaty. The patient lay as if dead. The turmoil and strength of the fever had disappeared, and in their stead an ethereal debility had settled. His eyes no longer fixedly glared; their leaden lids had veiled them, perhaps, forever. From the distance faintly rang from neighboring steeples grandly swelled a welcome to time's youngest child.

The sick man stirred: he looked up inquiringly.

"What is it?" he murmured.

"The New Year," the doctor replied.

"The New Year," he cried, his strength reviving under strong excitement. He raised himself upon his elbow. "The New Year," he repeated brightening with hope.

"Why the New Year will save me!"

"Come New Year, blithe with hope and glee,
And bring my true love back to me!"

Even as he faltered through the simple lines the door opened, and all rory from the dash of the storm, with her dark garments bespangled by the drifting snow, Bessie glided to his side.

"Yes, John, the New Year has indeed brought your true love to you," she murmured tenderly.

"Bessie," he exclaimed, a look of intelligence, of recognition, transfiguring his wan features. Bessie, I knew you would come when I called so often to you."

He grasped her little, warm hand within that fleshless hand of his that had so faithfully guarded her ring. He sank back upon the pillow. He slept as peacefully as the Christ-child may have slept under the stars of Judea. "He is saved—saved by love!" whispered the young doctor.

And in the distance one might hear faintly the mellow chimes announcing a future of peace and good-will.

X.

Years passed by, gliding to the harmony of happiness, but the inclosure at Aberdeen still contained exemplifications of progress and of comfort.

Tom still sits at the desk in the private office upon the swinging stool; but his brain no longer throbs with evil perplexities, his fingers idly betray no criminal secret. He bends over his books resolutely, and never leaves them during business hours, even when he affectionately aids his old father in his daily walks through the works.

And Reuben Williams no longer struts with arrogance, though he takes an honest pride in the vast enterprise that bears his name. No longer does he trust in his own infallibility. In response to inquiries and suggestions, he now has but one answer: "Ask my partner, John Raven."

And Bessie often sings the old-fashioned refrain within the old-fashioned parlor; but blithe, childish voices now accompany her.

And when the mellow chimes tell the passing of each old and proclaim the birth of each New Year, the sick in the hospital are tenderly remembered by John Raven and wife; for their holiday offering is a thanksgiving to love.

[THE END.]

Adirondack Literary Association.

(Malone Farmer, Dec. 17.)

For some time past the exercises of the Adirondack Literary Association, which is composed of teachers, officers and pupils of the Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, have been of more than ordinary interest, but at the meeting last Saturday evening there occurred something out of the usual line. At first there was a debate in the chapel, the question although simple being such as excites the interest of young people.

After the debate, that veteran teacher and skilful sign-maker, Prof. Alphonso Johnson, took the rostrum, and gave the news of the week, winding up with one of Mark Twain's humorous stories. As he was about to finish Mr. Geo. L. Reynolds, the president of the association, was seen to leave the platform. Calling two of the larger boys they entered one of the adjoining rooms from which they immediately came carrying a table. On the table was a costly silver ice pitcher and cup. Engraved on the side of each were the words: "Henry C. Rider, Dec. 14, 1890." There was also a beautiful plush box on the table. Prof. Johnson now advanced and in the name of the teachers, officers and pupils presented the above articles in the following words:

Dear Friend and Superintendent:—On this occasion—the 58th anniversary of your birthday—permit us to congratulate you, and to ask your acceptance of this beautiful ice pitcher. May it be a type of the Institution which you were instrumental in establishing, and at which the deaf of this portion of the State repair to quench their thirst for knowledge, and may it be a constant reminder of our gratitude.

"When carping care weighs down your brain,
And you awhile from work refrain,
Then bless this cup which cheers your
fainting soul
While through this weary earth you seek
your goal."

While the professor was delivering the above speech, the pupils were all attention. Superintendent Rider sat among them, and for once was not puffed at the change which had taken place in the regular order of things. Surprise and gratification were alternately displayed upon his features. But the loud applause soon called him to himself. Advancing to the front of the rostrum, although still agitated, he managed in a neat little speech to thank all for their kind remembrance, and said he would ever cherish their gift, not for its great value, but for the kindly feelings which prompted the giving. He closed by saying that the moment was the most enjoyable one in his life.

Perhaps a sketch of the head of the deaf-mute school will be interesting to many who have hitherto thought that a man deprived of one or two senses is fatally handicapped in the mad rush of the world for existence.

Henry C. Rider, the present head of the deaf-mute school was born in Esperance, N. Y., in 1832. At the age of four he was attacked with scarlet fever, from which he recovered with the total loss of hearing. When old enough young Rider was sent to the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, which at that time was the highest educational department of the kind in the country. Here he remained nine years passing through the various grades with great credit. At the end of that time he was graduated from the High Class, he carrying off the honors in the shape of two gold medals for excellence in grammar and in literature, besides a set of books from the Board of Directors. Mr. Rider then went to live at Florence, N. Y., where he was employed as an assistant in his father's large tannery, keeping books and measuring bark, usually as much as 6,000 cords annually. Later on Mr. Rider became partner in a mercantile business and at the same time was assistant postmaster of his town. Soon after he was married to Miss Helen A. Chandler, daughter of Peter Chandler, Esq., of Mexico, N. Y., in which town the young couple began their married life. Seven children blessed the union, all of whom could hear and speak. Only two of the children are now living, the last who died being their accomplished daughter, Grace, who departed this life about one year ago.

During Mr. and Mrs. Rider's residence in Mexico, N. Y., their home was frequently visited by the most prominent of the deaf of both sexes, who came from all parts of the country and were entertained with the utmost hospitality.

In 1885, Mr. Rider was elected secretary of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, which, at that time, was the leading mute society in the country. In this capacity, he served two terms. He was then elected its president, and at each successive

biennial convention, he was re-elected for 13½ years, when, in 1885, he resigned.

In 1871, the DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL was founded with the name of Henry C. Rider, editor and proprietor, at the head of its editorial columns. This paper he conducted successfully for nearly nine years, in which time it became a great power for good among the deaf. It battled heroically for their rights, and in various ways benefited the class. In 1880, it was sold, and is now printed entirely by deaf-mutes, and it is a noteworthy fact that a better printed paper does not exist in the State of New York. In 1884, he founded the Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, of which he has ever since been superintendent, and which is in a most flourishing condition. Such in brief is an outline of what a mute possessing energy and brains has accomplished. Since Mr. Rider left school years ago, deaf-mute instruction has made great advancement. A college for this class of people has been founded from which many brilliant scholars have been graduated. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Rider has by indomitable energy and pluck, combined with a natural aptitude for knowledge, kept up with the times, and ranks high with the best educated mutes in the country.

MONTREAL.

How quickly time flies! Again we have reached the festive season of Christmas. Holidays commenced on Friday. In compliance with the wishes of the parents, a few of the pupils were permitted to spend their holidays at their respective homes, but the majority will remain here, where everything possible will be done for their pleasure. School re-opens on January 6th, when we hope to see our number again complete, and all ready to put on the armor of school-life.

The first of December being Mrs. Ashcroft's birthday. The pupils presented her with a beautiful bouquet of flowers and an address which was signed by Miss Annie Nichol.

Tobogganing has become so unpopular in Montreal during the last two years, that now only one slide can be kept open, whereas, five years ago, it was one of the leading sports and every night seven or eight slides were crowded with pleasure-seekers. It has not, however, lost any of its attraction here, and the delightful, bright frosty days and beautiful moonlight nights has made the pupils quite enthusiastic over it. The boys spent some time in getting the slide in order, and now it reflects great credit on them. Every afternoon and evening the boys and girls accompanied by the teacher in charge, go out trailing their toboggans behind them, to have a good jolly time on the slide. The dancing eyes, rosy cheeks and happy faces form quite a pretty sight. There is always a bright warm fire, where they get well warmed themselves if they get cold.

Mount Royal forms a succession of slopes as far as the St. Lawrence River, a distance of almost four miles. Our slide is one of these slopes, and we are very thankful that some friendly fences, houses, etc., lie between us and that large river, or our enthusiasm would be pretty well cooled down by the time we came to a standstill.

The shoot is built thirty feet above the ground. This gives a good start, and sends the toboggans flying over the ground for a distance of three hundred yards.

Bob-sleighing is another of our favorite amusements and for this we make use of the public road in front of our Institution.

Our Snowshoe Club was organized last week, and will henceforth be known as the M. L. Club. The officers appointed as follows:—Honorary President, Mr. Ashcroft; President, Miss Terrill; Leaders, Miss Reeves and Mr. Norman Wilson; Whippers-in, Mr. Fred. Williams and Master Willie Spiers; Treasurer, Miss Etta Wiggert. One of our ex-pupils, Mr. Chas. Wickens has promised to stamp our badges. As our leisure time has all been taken up by tobogganing we have not as yet had any tramps, but intend to make up for lost time after the Christmas holidays.

Skating is also looked forward to with great delight, but owing to the beautiful weather and absence of rain this fall, the ponds remained dry, and so we missed this sport.

Chester Brown, a brave little pupil of seven years of age, travelled all alone to his home in St. John's New Brunswick, to spend his holidays.

To the Readers of the JOURNAL I wish a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

E. F. R.

Picnic Under Gaslight.

The lady managers are desirous to inform the public that a Picnic under Gaslight will be given in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, on Tuesday, January 13th, for the purpose of raising a fund to defray the expenses of holding a fair in aid of the Gallandet Home. Ladies will please bring or send their baskets of refreshments for two persons to be sold at auction to gentlemen, so that they will become guests of the "hostesses" of the basket. The refreshments need not be heavy or expensive; sandwich, cake and fruits will be sufficient.

Gentlemen will be charged only twenty-five cents for admission. Games, such as Soap Bubble, Farba, Needle Threading and Hemming, will

make a prominent display for the evening, and pretty prizes will go to winners.

Needle Threading and Hemming are considered very exciting and funny, and will amuse fun lovers immensely—these games are to be applied to gentlemen only, to try (failures not included). The ladies will be the judges. The fair managers will try to the best of their ability to make believe that the picnic will look natural as it is in the sultry summer, since evergreen trees and Chinese lanterns will be conspicuously set up to be pleasing to the eye. The Picnic under Gaslight will be ever remembered with pleasure.

AUSTIN, TEX.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—According to appointment, I had a divine service in the Institution chapel this morning, which the pupils, 180 in number, attended in company with Superintendent Kendall and Principal Blattner and some of the latter's assistants.

I wish to send you something important, which may be interesting to my classmates. One of these teachers has just told me that he knows my old classmate, Philip Neilson, whom I have not had the pleasure of meeting for about fifty-two years. He lives at Noble, Lamar County, Tex. He was a bright boy with an intelligent face, while we were at Hartford, Conn., but he is now almost so blind that he has to talk by sense of touch. He married a speaking lady, who presented him with four daughters with all their faculties in perfection, but he is a widower, and makes his home with one of his children, all of whom can make signs and spell on their fingers. He is so apt to be excited or nervous, that they will not let any body talk long to him. I know how sad I should feel to find him changed from what he was during our pupillage at the American Asylum.

Since I left school, death has made havoc among most of my old classmates. One of them left the Asylum, a well-educated deaf-mute, but afterwards he had lost his mind so much, that he did not recognize me at all, though I had mentioned my name to him by sense of touch several times. His condition affected me so much, that I was obliged to get out of his presence. We used to be affectionate to each other at school. I think I can surely say that he was put in an insane asylum and died. Another, as smart as the above mute was, was killed by being run over by a train. He was to have married a deaf-mute in two weeks.

Last Friday night, on my arrival here, I received a letter from my former pupil, Dulancy Kemble, whom I taught at Staunton, Va., about forty years ago. He lived in Virginia, but he emigrated to Kansas about fifteen years ago. He is settled down on a farm of his own at Long Island, Phillips County, Kan. He is keeping bachelor's hall. He said that the Southern Deaf-Mute Association was to meet at Wichita, on the 28th inst., or on New Year's Day. He is so anxious to receive a visit from his old teacher. I shall extend my journey south early in the morning.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Dec. 21, 1890.

BALTIMORE.

The first of a series of lectures under the auspices of the Baltimore Deaf-Mute Society was held at their large room on the evening of December 19th. The lecturer was Mr. H. L. Tracy, of Washington, his subject being, "Societies for the Deaf." The room was taxed to its fullest capacity. The subject is too long to be given in detail here. Mr. H. L. Tracy was followed by Mr. Geo. W. Boss, whose subject was "A little pig;" Mr. Mooney next, "A wonderful thing;" Messrs. Unsworth and Geo. Leitner, a dialogue entitled "A Letter;" and lastly, Miss Emma Hopkins, a song. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Tracy.

NOTES IN BRIEF.

Mr. Wells received a dispatch from his sister in New York, announcing the death of his nephew, aged twenty-two years. He could not go to attend the funeral, on account of sickness.

The society will repeat its Thanksgiving jollification on New Year Eve. Mr. P. C. Boss will again exhibit some of his magical tricks.

Mr. Butterbaugh's feet were frost-bitten, while out driving in the cold weather, which necessitated his giving up the projected gunning expedition to some future day.

Mr. W. C. Eliason told the writers that he will spend the Christmas holidays in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Kate Amoss has so far recovered from her illness, as to be able to begin housekeeping again.

Several new members were received into the society last week. The society will soon have to hustle for larger quarters.

Mr. George Gallion, of Perryman'sville, graced with his presence the room of the society last week and his application as a member was placed on file. He assists his mother in conducting a dairy and poultry farm. In the expressive phrase of the day, there are no flies on him.

Mr. Bob Underwood called at the home of the writer, and chatted pleasantly with him touching upon the events of the day. They both agreed that there is no hope for Home Rule in Ireland, except in Parnell's retirement.

Mr. Alex Henderson labors under the hallucination that he is the smartest and handsomest deaf-mute of Baltimore. The writer does not agree with him. Perhaps his new high hat has something to do with it. John Fowble, who has been out of work for a long time, has at last secured steady work at his trade, that of shoemaking, and is comfortably domiciled at the residence of his uncle.

HARRY W.

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NOTICE.

A lecture will be given on the evening of January 3d, in St. Paul's Parish House, to the mutes of Buffalo, by Prof. W. G. Jones, of New York City. His subject will be the play, "The County Fair," which is having such a long and successful run in New York City.

Remember that the proceeds of this lecture are for the benefit of the Deaf-Mute Mission of Western and Central New York.

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(3) Margaret Deland's latest story, "To What End?"

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(5) Mrs. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith starts a series of articles giving very valuable information to young mothers.

(6) Robert Grant's entertaining society novel, "Mrs. Harold Stagg."

(7) Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Marquise Lanza, Maurice Thompson and George Frederic Parsons contribute short stories.

(8) James Parton, M. W. Hazeltine and Oliver Dyer (author of "Great Senators") contribute articles of interest.

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